

# He Wants To

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

He says he's got the new record  
Pretends he follows the news  
He's got his finger on society's pulse  
He's got it somewhere, that's true

Soul, jazz-funk, funk, Indian hip-hop  
He leaves no genre unturned (Hey, hey, hey!)  
Play the right track, she'll be flat on her back  
That's the music lesson he's learnt

He wants to put his radar on you  
It may not seem so at first  
At first, it seems he's the man of your dreams  
Then takes a turn for the worse

Just 'cause he speaks a good [?]  
Than you and all of your friends  
Don't think he's after a different thing  
When daylight comes to an end

He's probably gonna spin you some line about jazz  
How he loves Dizzy and Chet (Hey, hey, hey!)  
But John and Paul hanging up on his wall  
Ah, that's about as jazz as he gets

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He wants to put his radar on you  
And he'll suggest it real soon  
But first, he'll wind down and show you good time  
That's why they call him the groom

And just ask him if he wants to come round in the morning  
And just watch his pathetic face drop  
'Cause [?] schemers come complete with a warning  
They're only ever guided by fuck

His mum and dad thought that he was trekking the world  
Playing in a travelling band  
He was sitting on a beach, playing air guitar  
With a coffee and an [?]

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He wants to put...  
His radar on you...

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